with a scrotal sack full
of primordial loneliness
swinging between my legs
like solid bells?

I am eager to burn
this threadbare masculinity,
this perpetual black suit
I have outgrown.

At the end of heavy breathing,
at the beginning of grief and terror,
on the X2, the bus I call a slave ship.
The majority of its riders Black.
Pressed to journey to Northeast,
into voodoo ghettos
festering on the knuckles
of the "Negro Dream."

The X2 is a risky ride.
A cargo of block boys, urban pirates,
the Colt 45 and gold-neck-chain-crew
are all part of this voyage,
like me, rooted to something here.

The women usually sit
at the front.
The unfortunate ones
who must ride in the back
with the fellas
often endure foul remarks;
the fellas are quick to call them
out of name, as if all females
between eight and eighty
are simply pussies with legs.

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The timid men, scattered among
the boat crew and crack boys,
the frightened men
pretend invisibility
or fake fraternity
with a wink or nod.
Or they look the other way.
They have a sister on another bus,
a mother on some other train
enduring this same treatment.

There is never any protest.
No peer restraint. No control.
No one hollered STOP!
for Mrs. Fuller,
a Black mother murdered
in an alley near home.
Her rectum viciously raped
with a pipe. Repeatedly
sodomized repeatedly
sodomized before a crowd
that did not holler STOP!
Some of those watching knew her.
Knew her children.
Knew she was a member of the block.
Every participant was Black.
Every witness was Black.
Some were female
and Black.

There was no white man nearby shouting
"BLACK MAN, SHOVE IT IN HER ASS!
TAKE SOME CRACK! SHOVE IT IN HER ASS,
AND THE REST OF YOU WATCH!"

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